

"ONE OF THE BOYS"

Mrs. Blake Watkins as a War Correspondent.

WAS EQUAL TO THE OCCASION

SHE WAS ALONE AMONG THE MEN AND THEY PITIED HER, BUT SHE ASKED NO FAVORS—IN PADDLING HER OWN CANOE SHE FOUND PLENTY OF "BEATS" ON HER MASCULINE ASSOCIATES.

London Mail: It was a day of hopeless desolation. Everything was all wrong. The Spanish fleet, for which we had been waiting for a fortnight, had suddenly materialized one moment at Santiago de Cuba, only to fade away the next into the immensities of the Atlantic ocean. It had a clear two days' start, going in an unascertained direction, at a rate of speed two or three knots an hour faster than Sampson.

Suddenly came a New Yorker into the circle, his eyes glistening with eagerness to impart information.

"Say, boys," he said briskly, "wake up! Hold on to the phone now tight while I tell you something! Have you heard the news?"

"Not the Spanish fleet, is it?" the big captain asked, as he jumped up eagerly. "Oh, come off your bike, you lamp's out," said the newcomer contemptuously; "the Spanish fleet's lost in the forest."

"What is it then?" we asked fiercely. "I got a lady war correspondent," he said triumphantly, "and I guess that takes the pot." We looked incredulous. "It's true, sure," he said. "She came on the train this morning from Washington with a full hand of papers from the war department, and I tell you she's going through with the outfit."

"A lady war correspondent! The idea was too comic. We could not believe it. But he led us over to the hotel register and showed us, written in the quick scrawl of the ready writer:

"Mrs. Blake Watkins, Toronto, Canada."

A lady war correspondent! We looked at one another in doubt and indignation. After all, we said, there were limits to the sphere of woman's usefulness. What kind of a newspaper proprietor was it, anyhow, who would send a tenderly nurtured lady around amid the hardships and rigors, the bullets, and the yellow fever germs of a Cuban war? "For her own sake," said the experienced war correspondent, solemnly, "this thing ought to be stopped right now." "For her own sake"—the unnecessary use of the phrase rather betrayed us. For at the back of our minds, as sipping tea water, there was a feeling which we did not care to recognize, that we had a right to be a little indignant for our own sakes.

At the midday meal we met the lady war correspondent—a tall, healthy, youngish lady, with a quiet, self-reliant manner and an alert, intelligent, enterprising look.

"And so," we said, with just a proper touch of patronage mixed with our politeness, "you are thinking of going along to Cuba with us?" "Oh, yes,"—this in a matter-of-fact, quite decided sort of way, and with the prettiest touch of the Irish brogue—she was going along wherever the army went, going to see whatever there was to be seen, and to hear whatever tune the band played. That was, if they would let her go. To our thinking the idea was absurd, but we did not quite say so. "I know what you think," she said; "you think it's ridiculous, but I'm here; you are laughing at my wanting to go; that's the worst of being a woman. But you just let me tell you, I'm going through to Cuba, and not all the old generals in the old army are going to stop me. I beat them in Washington and I'll beat them here, whatever they say."

She told us how she had acted as special correspondent for her paper at the Jubilee and had republished her articles in book form, how she had been on many special missions in various parts of the world, had always had to contend with the almost insuperable difficulty of not being a man, but had always succeeded in surmounting it. She could not stop longer to talk to us now, she said, as she must go up and look at one of the camps, so as to get another article away by the evening's mail.

In the evening, when we had recovered from our drowsiness, we saw the lady war correspondent again. She came in out of the sunshine a little dusty about the boots and confessing to feeling a little tired, but she came down from her room, afterward looking as fresh and cool as a watermelon. She had been round the camp, she said. It was difficult for her, being a woman, to get information, but she had seen a good many people, and had picked up one or two little things she thought she would be able to make a story for her paper.

"Of course," she said, diffidently, "I can't do things like you boys, who know so much and have so much experience. I just have to be contented with little odds and ends, such as a woman would notice. I couldn't see any of the drilling, it was such hard walking through that burning sand, and I haven't a horse yet; but I happened on a little story, and I wouldn't have been worth your notice, but I have to make the best of little things. There's a chambermaid in the hotel here whose husband is in the state regiment up there, and she has come down here so as to be near him. Poor woman! I felt sorry for her. I met her there, not far from the camp, crying. She had not told her husband that she was here, and she was afraid to go into the camp by herself, so I went with her to look for him."

"They are such decent, respectable people, and he seems such a nice, well-educated young fellow, but he was out of work, and there was no food in the house; so he enlisted in desperation, and she, being so fond of him, took this situation to be near him. I thought he was going to faint when he saw her, it was quite a little scene. Poor fellow, he was so anxious about the little boy, baby. He wanted to desert, you know, but what was there for them to do. He had no work to go to, and was only just recovering from an illness. Anyway, it made a little story for me—nothing in the grand style such as you boys write, but I don't see how you can expect a woman to do that. And, after all, even war has its woman's side, hasn't it?"

In the evening, after supper, when the band was playing on the veranda, and the customary conversation was in full swing, we observed that the lady war correspondent knew everybody worth knowing in about a quarter of an hour. We had introduced her to one or two staff officers at first. In a little while she was introducing us to generals and colonels, and finally, informed us that she had got an interview of one of the Cuban chiefs, which she thought would throw a good deal of light on the Cuban war. We heard her talking to the Cubans—she was chattering away in fluent Spanish. There was a French family with two children, a French family with three children, and a French family with four children. Before the evening was out she gave us the full details of



Dr. von Schweninger Marries After Declaring That No Woman Could Catch Him.

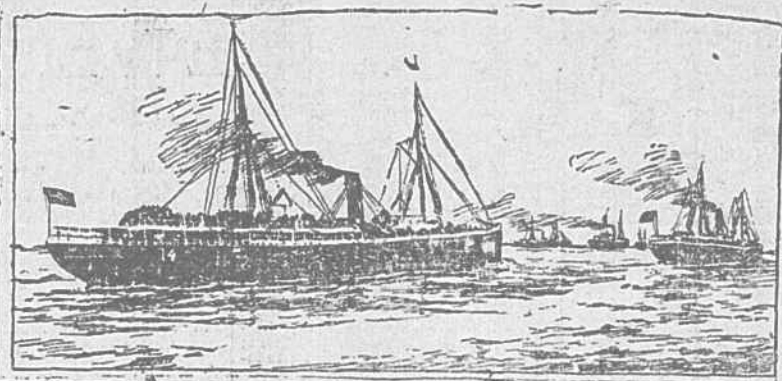
Dr. von Schweninger, the famous physician of Prince Bismarck, is the latest man of distinction to be caught in Cupid's mesh. The doctor married Frau Franz von Lenbach while on a journey to Heilgoland, in the North sea.

And here a little plot is interwoven. The bride is the divorced wife of one of Bismarck's dearest friends, and it is impossible to see how the bluff old chancellor can keep peace between his friend and his physician when both happen to be under the same roof.

The doctor has the most distinguished

celentente in the world. He has twice cured Prince von Bismarck of serious illness, and prescribes for the sultan of Turkey by telegraph. Li Hung Chang and Baron Rothschild have engaged his services. His greatest fame rests in the fact that he cures his patients.

He has expressed himself on several occasions in words of admiration for the United States. Of outside appointments his professorship of the University of Berlin has been chief, but his colleagues who rival him, Virchow, Koch, Treitschke, and Dubois-Raymond, have never worked amicably with him.



A ROUSING FAREWELL FROM OUR BOYS IN BLUE. AS THE SHIPS STEAM OUT AND ARE LOST TO VIEW. PHOTO BY DEGENCOHEN.

MERRITT'S EXPEDITION TO DEWEY SAILS.

Gen. Wesley Merritt, at the head of 7,000 soldiers and four transports, has sailed from San Francisco. They will arrive at Manila about July 20. This will be two or three weeks before the Spanish squadron under Admiral Camara can possibly reach Dewey. The transports carry dynamite shells for the Monterey, which carries one dynamite tube.

a most important little expedition which was to be sent in advance to Cuba with arms and stores for the insurgents, which we have been unsuccessfully endeavoring to get for ourselves. Then she went off to her room to write.

Next morning, when we were waiting to go to breakfast, we met the lady war correspondent coming back from an early morning visit to the cavalry camp. She had had a splendid view, she said, of the first brigade cavalry drill that had been held in camp, and had made a thorough investigation of the camp cooking arrangements and of the quality of food supplied. She rather thought that would make a startling article, "even from the point of view of you boys," she said. Then she went on to say that she did not want to do it, but that she was in the way, but that knowing so little of war she would be thankful of any assistance, we, out of superior knowledge, could give her. There was a little pause, and then the Chicago hustler voiced our sentiments. "Why, say," he very respectfully remarked, "I guess you don't need assistance in your business. There's nobody in this outfit going to eat any soup off your head, ma'am." These sentiments he elaborated when she had gone out into the sunshine again. "By gosh," he said, "for a five-card draw she's not stuff. There's steam comes out of her boots all the time, and the whole Chicago fire brigade don't put her out. The lady special in the game with both feet. She's one of the boys."

We do not see very much of her except at meal times. The rest of the day she is either bustling about in the camps or the town, or else bending over her desk in the ladies' writing room. Every time the mail goes out it takes a bulky manuscript envelope of hers. Every time we meet her she tells us of some interesting little incident she has heard of, or discovered, or invented.

There was that story of boys about the eight-foot alligator that burrowed in the sand in search of water and came up through the floor of a tent in the middle of the night. We did not believe that, till she showed us a photograph of the beast she had herself taken and told us where the skeleton was stowed.

There was that story of hers about the recruit from New York, who on his first day in camp was bitten by mosquitoes, stung by a tarantula, had a touch of malaria, ran his bayonet by mishap into his hand, sat down in a giant's nest, trod on an asp, and found a snake in his boot, and then said he felt like a dirty duce in a new deck, and that "dis ain't no Klondike, anyhow."

There was the story she unearthed of the six bad men from the Klatsme Valley, who had enlisted because they had heard the Spaniards could not shoot, whereas the sheriff's posse who were hunting them for stock lifting were all dead shots. There was the case she discovered of the two brothers from Georgia. One had been graduated at West Point, had seen fifteen years' hard service with the colors out west, and was still a lieutenant. The other had staid at home, attended to his business, and had gone in for politics. When the war broke out he volunteered, and was created straightway an assistant adjutant general, with the rank of captain, and he was sent to the front. He never came back, and he was never seen again, ever; he came to ask some absurd question of elementary soldiering, had to salute him. There was the story of hers about the man from Kentucky whose two grandfathers, father, and three uncles were all killed in the civil war, and whose brother was killed in the Mexican war. She never seemed to go any-

where without seeing or hearing something interesting. "Guess it's true what I told you," said the cavalry officer, "this war correspondence is woman's work, or else this Mrs. War Correspondent is the brightest little man in the outfit."

SEE SPIES

At Every Turn—Strict Surveillance Over Strangers in the National Capital.

Washington Special to New York Post: The timid splinter who never went to bed without looking under it for the burglar was sure would one night be found there, ought to have lived in Washington in war time. She would then have had something actual for her imagination to exercise itself upon, in the ubiquitousness of the secret service operatives. We have no Seward in the state department, with his "little bell" at hand, and our fortresses are garrisoned with something else than civil prisoners; but anyone is liable to constant espionage and summary arrest as a suspect, and the authorities are in no mood to make light of what would ordinarily be trifling evidence for conviction.

Washington is, of course, not the only point where this state of things exists. The precautions taken everywhere by the government to prevent untoward accidents and defeat of the machinations of the public foe assume as many shapes as Proteus. News comes from one army headquarters on our southern coast of the dismissal of an ex-filibuster who had been engaged as a guide to a force about to invade Cuba, because the commanding officer felt some doubt as to the man's sentiments. The capture of the incriminating letter written by Carranza in Canada shows how far the ramifications of our secret service extend at a critical time like this.

The telegraphic censorship has been a delicate task in more than one sense. It is all very well to assert the abstract principle that an officer should do his duty unquestioningly when the welfare of the country is at stake, but the same officer who would not flinch for a moment at facing a battery does draw back instinctively at any suggestion which savors of spying upon the correspondence of his fellow citizens, and of harassing under a press whose freedom is the common boast of the country. It has been noteworthy that every officer who has been able to shirk the direct responsibility of saying "no" to the newspapers or their correspondents in the field has tried to foist it off upon General Greely, who has thus been compelled to pose as a Spartan judge and issue prohibitory mandates in defiance of the love of individual liberty which he cherishes to a very uncommon degree. But this has to be done by some body, and the general's shoulders are broad.

In Washington the chief outward signs of an era of uncommon tension are to be found in the increase of the police force at the white house and the extra care exercised about the admission of visitors to the department buildings. On entering the grounds surrounding the executive mansion the stranger finds himself under the eye of a police officer and passes from the supervision of one guardian to another all the time he remains there. On entering the house during the open hours the same thing is noticeable. Always one and usually two guards are on duty at the front door, ready to intercept any suspicious looking person inside the lobby, as soon as the visitor is out of reach of one officer he comes within

reach of another. These are all courteous, attentive men, patient under questioning, willing to give proper information to anyone who comes there obviously for an honest purpose, but quick to detect the visitor with the furtive eye or flighty manner, for this is a time when not only persons of evil design must be watched, but when "cranks" are liable to be attracted to the seat of power.

At the state, war and navy buildings the most rigid rules prevail regarding visitors during the closed hours—that is, before 9 o'clock in the morning, or after 2 in the afternoon. Then the ordinary rules of no entry, and a special card is required, and this is issued only to persons who are personally acquainted with Custodian Baird, and whom he knows to have legitimate business at the department. Anyone else must be halted at one of the main doors till his name and the nature of his errand are conveyed to the officer he wishes to see. If the officer sends word that he is to be admitted the guards permit him to pass in, and, if he is a stranger, furnish him with a messenger to guide him to the room where he is to have his interview.

At the other government buildings the old passes are still in force for the closed hours, for newspaper correspondents, attorneys, etc., but no matter what the hour he calls, even between 9 and 2, the unfamiliar visitor is scrutinized

by the doorkeepers, who must be satisfied from his appearance that he is a safe person to be allowed to roam about. Occasionally, funny things happen. One of the best known and most respected members of the treasury staff has been accustomed for some time to buy fresh eggs for his home table of a clerk in the department, who lives out of town and has a little poultry yard. The clerk brings in eggs three times a week, and the purchaser, who lives near the river, carries them in a paper parcel or a basket when he goes home at the luncheon hour. One day his most convenient receptacle for his eggs happened to be a little leather reticule, with a somewhat uncertain reticule. He was going home as usual at noon, and took a short cut across the white house grounds. It was just after some sensational articles suggestive of dynamite plots had appeared in the yellow journals. As he entered the grounds a new policeman, who had been stationed near the gate on the treasury side, was looking in the other direction, and turning the officer caught sight of the gingerly carried reticule. In an instant he shouted an order to halt. The unconscious civil servant passed on, and the officer shouted again, at the same time making a significant gesture with his club. This time the order was understood and the man halted. The officer came up.

"What have you in that bag?" he inquired. "Only some things I am carrying home," was the answer. "What kind of things?" "Oh, some household supplies," the officer was not convinced. "Let me see them."

By this time several passers-by had been attracted by the incident and gathered around. With many blushes the innocent gentleman gently opened the reticule and the officer took a cautious peep inside, evidently expecting to see a stick of dynamite. The expression on his face when he saw, instead, a dozen cream-colored eggs, was a study. Without exchanging a glance with his suspect he made a quick motion with his club, indicating that the reticule might be closed, turned on his heel and strode majestically away.

John G. Tomlinson, Passenger and Ticket Agent, Wheeling, W. Va.

On and after Saturday, February 2, 1898, trains will run as follows, city time:

Leave Wheeling: Leave Elm Grove. Trains leave Wheeling: Leave Elm Grove. Trains leave Wheeling: Leave Elm Grove.

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BANK OF WHEELING.

C. LAUB, Pres. JOE SEYBOLD, Cashier. J. A. JEFFERSON, Asst. Cashier.

CAPITAL \$100,000, PAID IN. WHEELING, W. VA.

DIRECTORS: J. N. Vance, J. M. Brown, John Waterhouse, W. E. Stone, W. H. Frank.

EXCHANGE BANK. CAPITAL \$300,000.

J. N. Vance, J. M. Brown, John Waterhouse, W. E. Stone, W. H. Frank.

Bank of the Ohio Valley. CAPITAL \$175,000.

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RAILWAY TIME CARD.

Arrival and departure of trains on and after May 18, 1898. Explanation of Abbreviations: Daily, except Sunday; Daily, except Monday; Saturdays only; Eastern Standard Time.

Depart	Arrive
12:00 am Main Line East	12:00 am
12:00 am Wash. Bal. Phil. N. Y.	12:00 am
12:00 am Cumberland Accom.	12:00 am
12:00 am Grafton Accom.	12:00 am
12:00 am Washington City Ex.	12:00 am
12:00 am B. & O.-C. O. Div. West	12:00 am
12:00 am For Columbus and West	12:00 am
12:00 am Columbus and Cincinnati	12:00 am
12:00 am Columbus and Cincinnati	12:00 am
12:00 am St. Clairsville Accom.	12:00 am
12:00 am St. Clairsville Accom.	12:00 am
12:00 am Sandusky Mail	12:00 am
12:00 am B. & O.-W. F. & B. Div.	12:00 am
12:00 am For Pittsburgh	12:00 am
12:00 am Pittsburgh and East	12:00 am
12:00 am Pittsburgh	12:00 am
12:00 am P. C. C. & P. St. L. Ry.	12:00 am
12:00 am Steubenville and West	12:00 am
12:00 am Steubenville Accom.	12:00 am
12:00 am Canton and Toledo	12:00 am
12:00 am Alliance and Cleveland	12:00 am
12:00 am Steub. & Wellsville	12:00 am
12:00 am Philadelphia and Wash.	12:00 am
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12:00 am Toledo and West	12:00 am
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